

turn me loose by hoppnhorn

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Summary:

Billy is a dominant, powerful alpha with a slew of omegas dying to win his affection. He loves it, lives for it, except when he's in rut. Steve is an omega and fights it every damn day. But when his body goes into heat, needs to breed, he can't do anything to stop it. Billy is in rut and Steve is in heat when a freak heatwave knocks out the air conditioning in their shared apartment complex. Open windows and rampant hormones? What could go wrong?

turn me loose

Author's Note:

written for a prompt on tumblr, mostly filth with a dash of feeling. switches between POVs because of reasons. Enjoy!

Billy is a dominant, powerful alpha with a slew of omegas dying to win his affection. He loves it, lives for it, except when he's in rut. Billy goes through his ruts alone because he hates the power it gives a partner over him. He hates being needy and depending on anyone else for anything even remotely personal. Sure, he relies on his coworkers daily, but he doesn't need them personally. Everyone is replaceable. He firmly believes that.

One unfortunate weekend, Billy goes into rut. The hormones are high because of an unexpected heat wave in the spring, early in the season, and the air conditioning in his complex wasn't up the task. It dies. It's brutal. He's panting from the pounding aches of his body and the unrelenting heat outside and he throws open his window to get just a *hint* of a cool breeze.

That's when things go awry.

Billy smells the most *exquisite* fragrance on the air, wafting down to him like a sweet siren's song. He can't help himself, doesn't even think about what he's doing, when he climbs up the fire escape in nothing but a pair of gym shorts to find the source.

Steve is an omega and fights it every damn day. It doesn't help that he's a pretty face on top of his rare status as a male omega. He's approached by alphas a lot and it makes him feel like nothing more than a piece of meat. So he uses whatever blockers or suppressants he can, as often as he can without hurting himself, and tries to go through life as unnoticed as possible.

But when his body goes into heat, *needs* to breed, he can't do anything to stop it. He spends his heats alone in his apartment, tries

to pass the time as painlessly as possible until it fades. It's humiliating and so very uncomfortable, but in the end, it's better than being used like an object and tossed aside. He's been there once and he vowed he'd never do it again.

Then one weekend there's a massive heatwave and Steve, coincidentally, goes into a heat. The moment he realizes it, he's pacing his apartment, throwing the windows open and sweating like crazy; because his heat is at peak and he's throbbing with need. His cock has been hard for hours and his slick is out of control and he's sick from not being fucked senseless. He's shaking like a drug addict, but he knows it's only temporary. It'll get better, he'll live. He's debating yet *another* cold shower when he smells this warm, chocolatey-smooth scent. It's dark and spicy and hits him in the stomach like a savory meal and he instantly collapses onto his couch moaning in agony. It's *sinful* what the aroma is doing to his body and he can't even manage to stand with his legs shaking so hard.

That's when he hears a throaty, grating voice outside his window.

"Jesus *fucking* Christ." Steve is alarmed when a man slides from the fire escape and winds up standing in his living room, wearing nothing but shorts and sporting a *massive* erection. "You're in heat."

"What the fuck?! Get the fuck out!" He manages to shout at the intruder, his heart pounding in his chest.

"You're driving me fucking crazy downstairs with your stink!" The guy continues, takes a step closer and Steve scrambles back on the sofa.

"You..." The delicious smell hits him again and Steve gasps, pushes away as horror washes over him. "...you're an alpha." He gulps, tries to stand but his body is still so overwhelmed he can't keep his muscles from shuddering and shaking. "I had this under control until you came in here reeking like...." He gestures and the alpha sneers.

"Like sex?"

"Yeah, that." Steve mutters, ignoring the pulse of need that jolts through his cock.

“It’s hot! I’m in rut and you’re up here blasting your scent out the window.” The alpha takes another step closer and Steve forces himself to his wobbly feet, puts out a hand to keep him away.

“I didn’t know there was an alpha nearby.” Steve says apologetically. “And I didn’t plan for the air conditioning to go out during my heat, okay?”

The alpha is staring at him, eyes a sharp shade of blue and piercing, examining every inch. Steve wants to cover up, but it was too hot. He’s stripped down to his cotton boxers that allow as much air flow as possible and the alpha is staring at them, no doubt fixed on his raging hard-on.

“You need to shut the goddamn window before someone takes advantage.” The guy finally mutters, no longer advancing but not leaving either. Steve can see the conflict in his facial expression, the pain. He’s never known an alpha well enough to see the effect of a rut; but he’s read about them. Read that they led to hours of intense, passionate mating between an alpha and an omega. But this alpha was alone. This alpha is standing in his living room, practically vibrating with the need to breed and yet doing nothing to relieve himself.

Steve swallows down thick saliva and nods.

“Okay. I’ll do that.” He waits for the alpha to turn around, to stalk back out the way he came, but the guy doesn’t move. He doesn’t seem to be able to do anything except clench his fists and stare.

“What is that?” He eventually grumbles and Steve cocks his head.

“What is wha—”

“Your scent. It’s...” The alpha inhales and Steve can see his entire body shudder. “...amazing.”

Steve whines and the alpha stumbles on his feet.

“You should go before...” Steve sinks to the couch, his pulse so loud in his ears he’s sure he’s going to faint. Then he feels it, the ooze of his slick. He moans in alarm and agony and the alpha’s mouth falls

open, chest heaving.

“You...” He struggles with words and Steve *gets it*. He can smell the longing rolling off the alpha and he’s *responding* to it, his body prepping for invasion as breakneck pace. “I...” The guy tries again, his feet shuffling though he remains in place. He clears his throat and Steve breathes hard, wishes he had the strength to tell the intruder to leave. But he doesn’t want that, not really. In fact, his cock is leaking at the mere idea of being serviced by *this* alpha. The tan, muscular, beautiful man standing before him with a willing cock pressing against his shorts. “I could help you.” The alpha finally bites out, throat working. “If you...want.”

“I can’t...” Steve arches as his body flutters at the invitation. He *wants* to be penetrated, filled up with come and claimed. But his mind, what little is left, knows that nothing good could come of such a thing. Only more dejection and loneliness.

“I don’t have to fuck you.” The alpha offers. “Maybe if I just...put my mouth on you...” Steve whines as he trembles with want and the alpha advances. “...you could get off and I’d get off and we’d feel better.”

Steve moans as the alpha gets closer, sees how *gorgeous* the guy really is.

“You won’t...breed me?”

“Not unless you ask me to.”

Billy is struggling to keep from falling to his knees in front of this omega and begging for a taste. His smell is positively intoxicating and the sight isn’t any less enthralling. The man before him is beautiful, with big maple-colored eyes and thick brown hair, pale skin flushed from arousal and perfect, pink lips. He’s delicious and Billy is starving.

“You’re willing to do that?” The omega pants, knuckles white as he grasps the soft upholstery of the sofa. “To service me without...” He gulps and Billy tracks the bob of his adam’s apple, can’t help but

imagine his cock down that lovely throat while it swallows.

“Yeah.” He grunts and presses a palm to his cock to try and quell the ache. “I won’t...enter you, if you don’t want me to.” Part of him is well aware that he’ll have to hold back every second he’s near this stunning omega. He’d be throbbing to mount and fuck and breed. “I just need to get off.” His voice sounds desperate and Billy winces. “If you—”

“Okay.” The omega cuts him off, nodding. “We’ll help each other but that’s it.”

“Fair enough.” Billy nods, steps closer. “I’m Billy...by the way.” He blushes a little, feeling like a stupid kid as he sits hesitantly on the couch.

“Steve.” The guy breathes. They stare at each other for a moment, lips parted as they drowned in each other’s scents. Billy’s hand shakes a little as he reaches out, strokes the omega’s bare knee. The reaction is immediate and Steve loosens at his touch, opens his legs in automatic invitation and Billy closes the distance. Slipping his fingers under the waistband of the omega’s briefs, he looks into Steve’s brown eyes. There’s a little, frantic nod, and Billy pulls his underwear away.

His growl is involuntary and Billy ducks his head to lap at the omega’s cock without hesitation. The omega leaks at his touch and cries out, fingers carding in Billy’s hair as he sucks and licks at the salty mess. His mouth waters and he growls again before he swallows the omega’s cock in a swift bob.

Steve is in heaven. He’s convinced. Not only is his cock down the throat of the most beautiful alpha he’s ever seen, *Billy*, but he’s coming so hard his toes are curling, his voice is ringing in his ears and...the pain is lessening by the second. His aching body is rippling with *pleasure* as Billy moans on him, hollowing his cheeks as he sucks the orgasm right out of him. He doesn’t realize his hands are in Billy’s hair until the guy lifts his head, Steve’s cock releasing from his lips in a little *pop*.

"That wasn't hard." The alpha grins. "You really needed that." Steve returns the smile with a little blush.

"What about you?" He sits up, ready to reciprocate, but Billy smiles and sits back on the couch. Steve moans when he sees the trail of come running down the alpha's thigh from under his shorts. "Holy fuck." He whimpers.

"Yeah." Billy laughs softly. "You tasted really good."

Steve pushes his briefs off his legs and throws them aside, then leans closer, reaches out with a hesitant hand. When his fingers smear through the white, hot come, Billy moans and Steve licks his lips.

"Can I?" He asks. The alpha breathes a soft *please* and Steve pushes him onto his back, lowers his head and pulls the leg of Billy's shorts out of the way. The pink, swollen head of his cock is revealed on his thigh and Steve kisses it, gives it a broad stroke of his tongue and shivers when Billy purrs with delight. With slow swipes of his tongue, Steve cleans his leg, swallows the alpha down. All the while, they're staring at each other, the air heady with longing as Steve's body slowly grows restless from the taste of Billy's release.

"It's good right?" Billy says with an arched brow. Steve laughs and nods shyly. "I think it's time for seconds." The alpha rumbles, his hand running down Steve's spine until it cups his ass.

A fresh gush of slick seems to answer the alpha's caress and Steve jumps, face growing warm with shock at the electric response. But Billy isn't disgusted, or even laughing at him, he's moaning, reaching around to grip Steve by the hips.

Before Steve can stop him, the alpha is flipping him around, pulling him down and *spreading* him wide, thumbs teasing at his throbbing hole. He's never straddled an alpha's face before and his cock swells with desire quickly.

"You smell so good." Billy moans against the soft flesh of Steve's left cheek. "I might not be able to stop..." Steve gasps at the hot drag of wet tongue against his ass and Billy growls, the sound vibrating through the ribs against Steve's thighs. "Oh shit, you taste

incredible."

"Just for you, alpha." Steve whimpers and suddenly Billy is snarling. Snarling and lapping at his slick with a ferocity that has Steve clutching the sofa, trying not to topple over. That wicked tongue presses against him, surges against the ring of tight muscle until Steve is rocking his hips, begging for invasion. Leaning forward, he nuzzles against the hard length of Billy's cock under his shorts, strokes him while the alpha licks him and then shoves the shorts out of the way.

Billy nearly shouts when his cock is, without warning, being stroked and sucked from below. The feisty omega has a firm grip on him and Billy moans against the pucker in his face, tonguing the prettiest hole he's ever seen. As Steve swallows him down, Billy rewards him with the press of his tongue and breeches the ring of muscle. He can feel the omega moaning on his cock, can feel the shudder that erupts through his very skin and Billy's keens with delight. He finds himself wanting to please this omega, *Steve*. He wants to bring him nothing but the release he needs and the relief he seeks.

"Do you want a finger?" He asks against Steve's thigh, his breathing erratic as he waits for a reply. The omega pops off his cock and jerks him gently; Billy arches into the touch.

"Yes." The guy purrs. "Please."

Billy puts a finger to Steve's lips and the omega sucks it in eagerly, swirling his tongue the way he'd pleased Billy's cock. When he pulls his hand away, Steve whines and returns to focusing on Billy's blunt head while Billy pushes the slippery finger against the slick hole in front of him.

In no time, one finger becomes two and Billy aims for that perfect spot inside of Steve, relishes the waves of bliss that shudder through the omega's body. They both moan loudly as they take their pleasure, rocking against the other, pushing and pulling and shuddering with ecstasy. Billy can feel when the omega is close, can feel him tightening around his finger, and he kisses his thigh and purrs.

"Come on me, Steve." He groans with guttural satisfaction when the omega does just that. Warm, creamy come drips onto Billy's chest as Steve orgasms, pulling off of his cock to cry out. "Hell yeah." Billy purrs and then arches off the couch to come with a moan.

Steve isn't sure how many times he's orgasmed by the time the sun sets and the temperature starts to drop. He'd stopped counting when Billy had flipped him over and milked several releases out of him in rapid sequence, sucking his cock and fingering his ass until Steve had cried out for mercy. The alpha had been more than generous. He'd been *caring*. Billy had licked him clean several times, draped his body over Steve's shivering skin and nuzzled against his throat. It'd been better than Steve had ever imagined. Sweeter.

So he'd taken care of Billy in kind. Every time the alpha had hardened, Steve had worked him to climax and gripped his knot in a fist, held him firm until the swelling lessened. Over and over they'd repeated the ritual, Billy's fingers in Steve, Steve's mouth on Billy, and the tide of need slowly ebbed. Eventually, they grew loose with exhaustion.

"I need to eat." Billy grunts when the sun had finally set, pulling himself upright on the sofa for the first time in hours. "You up for pizza?"

Steve nods from where he's slumped against the armrest, body cooling in the night air. As Billy stands, Steve looks at him, truly *looks* at him. He's lean and muscular and takes the breath from Steve's lungs as he walks, naked, from the couch to where he's thrown his shorts.

"Where are you going?" He calls softly. Billy grins at him as he pulls his clothes on.

"To get my wallet and phone." He points at the floor. "I left them at home." Steve nods with a sleepy grin and Billy walks back to him, pauses before he reaches out and runs a knuckle along Steve's jaw. For a moment, Steve wonders if he's going to kiss him. The entire afternoon, they'd only serviced each other, but nothing more. There had been no sweet nothings exchanged or kisses passed between

them. As kind as Billy had been, he was not Steve's mate. The realization had Steve turning his head away and sitting up to retrieve his underwear.

"I should probably shower." He murmurs, hiding his face as a flush blooms in his cheeks. Disappointment. It stings at tip of his nose and the corners of his eyes as Steve turns his back.

"Eat first?" Billy's warm chest presses against Steve's spine and he swallows. Nods. But doesn't meet the alpha's eye. "Hey." Two fingers tip Steve's head to the side and Billy turns him around, dips his head to look him in the eye. "You okay?"

"Yeah." He forces a smile on his face and Billy examines him, eyes searching for a clue as to what is happening in Steve's head.

"You know..." The alpha strokes his jaw with a fingertip, the corner of his mouth curling in a grin. "All that sex and I never got to kiss you."

Something inside of Steve flutters and his lips part, his breath rushing out of him.

"Yeah." He utters lamely and Billy arches a brow.

"Can I?" He asks. Steve blinks, swallows.

"Okay."

Billy's fingers are tingling when he draws Steve's jaw into his hand, tilts his head *just so* to reach the omega's perfect, parted lips. As Billy presses a kiss to the corner of his mouth, Steve gasps, and that's all it takes for Billy to lose himself. He seals their lips together in a consuming kiss and simply *feels*. He hums with awareness as Steve's hands clutch his wrists as if to hold him in place, to keep him there, but Billy has no desire to leave. He caresses Steve's mouth with his own, slides his fingers into the mess of the omega's hair and drowns. Drowns in the sense of rightness that washes over him.

Stepping away is the hardest thing he's ever done. But when Steve's stomach gives a demanding growl, Billy laughs and breaks the kiss, smiling at the little whimper from Steve's lips.

"Just one more." He moans and pulls Billy back again. Billy's laugh tickles between their mouths and he slowly pulls away again.

"You need to eat."

"It can wait." Steve insists, his hand slipping from Billy's wrist to his hand. For a moment, their fingers weave together and Billy's whole world seems to click into place. A missing piece of him finding home. He squeezes before he drops Steve's hand.

"Don't worry, we have plenty of time to make out before pizza gets here." He teases. "*We* could even sneak in that shower."

The omega wrinkles his nose as Billy steps towards the fire escape.

"Are you saying I stink?" He quips. Billy takes a deep breath, making a show of sniffing the air. All he can smell is *them*. A warm, sweet yet spicy combination of fragrances, luscious and delectable on the air.

"I think you smell like me." He answers truthfully, his expression open and honest. "I like it." Steve's smile brightens, rising all the way up to his eyes. As Billy ducks from the room and turns to descend the fire escape, he can't help but look back at Steve through the window. The omega chews on his lip, running his hand through his hair.

"See you in a bit?" Steve calls. Billy smiles.

"Couldn't keep me away, sweetheart."

Author's Note:

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